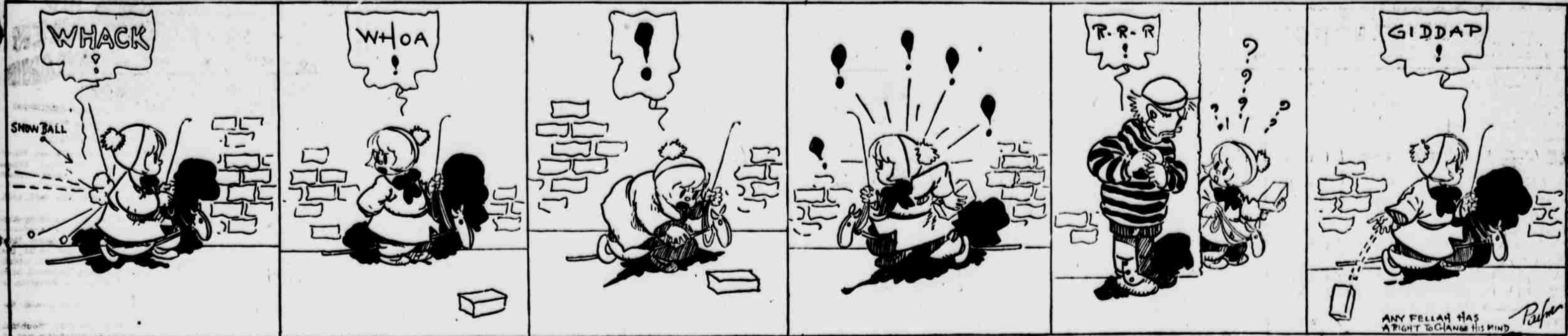


## "S'Matter, Pop?"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By C. M. Payne



## Romances of Models, By Famous Artists

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**CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD and the Snake Charmer.**  
 HE legend of the snake charmer," began Mr. Clarence F. Underwood, the artist, in relating the romance of one of his models, "has no doubt crept into the majority of studios in New York City. Not that the snake charmer posed for many artists, for that would not have been in tune with her temperament, but as she was unique she was naturally talked about.

"Marcia was a creature of most intense fancies and aversions, and the artists for whom she consented to pose could flatter themselves that she had an appreciation of their work and also liked them personally.

"Her figure was the most unusual I have ever seen. Her great length and slenderness away into gentle snake-like curves if she moved over so slightly. It seemed only natural that she should have the power to hypnotize the reptiles of whom she reminded one so strongly.

"She had a remarkable power of concentration and endurance. With her head held above her head in a position so difficult that another girl could not have remained in it a half hour, Marcia would stay without flickering an eyelash or moving the least bit sometimes for three hours at a time, until the artist from sheer exhaustion would have to stop his own work. She would even refuse to use the arm rests suspended from the ceiling over her head.

"Marcia and her snakes were in demand as a novel form of entertainment at teas and parties, and one day a young newspaper man came to get the story of the snake charmer. Others than snakes were charmed by the fascinating girl, and from the day he first saw her the young writer was a devoted admirer. She was not a woman easy to win. A man had to fight and strive for her esteem.

"All this time he was climbing the ladder of success in his profession, for nothing makes a man work and achieve as does that right love for the right woman. When he finally won her consent to marry him she was no less proud and happy than he. Recently Marcia's husband has been appointed to the place of editor-in-chief of one of the most popular publications in the country.

"The fascinating snake charmer made a match as brilliant as any woman could wish for, and her husband married a woman as charming as man could hope to find."

## The New York Girl

Does She, or Doesn't She Make a Good Wife?  
 By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

MAN sighing himself "R. D." writes to The Evening World:

"I have read about men who said they could not find a New York girl who suited them. Men speak of them as being extravagant, etc. I wish to differ from this. There are lots of girls here in New York who would make splendid wives. I am twenty-six years old, married nine months ago, and have a wife who would rather walk twenty blocks than have me spend a cent. She is economical, of a happy disposition and is, in fact, a wife that any man would be proud to have. Surely I am not the only individual of millions in New York who is blessed with the right woman for a wife."

Certainly not. But not the only man "blessed with the right woman for a wife." Contrary to the opinion in New York and elsewhere there is much to be said in favor of the New York girl—especially as to attributes that make for worthy wifehood.

While the Great White Way with all

its alluring glitter is constantly before her, and the oft-proposed possible pitfalls confront her—for this very reason when she does decide to become a wife does she not do so with full knowledge and willingness to give up the attractions and distractions of city life for the attention of one?

What a simple matter it is for a girl in a small town, sheltered and cared for until her wedding day, to take her place in a man's home as a good wife should, and "live happily ever after"—provided, of course, that all goes smoothly and nothing comes to mar the marital existence!

A woman who has extravagant tastes in New York will have them elsewhere. But she who practices economy in the great metropolis can accomplish it better there than elsewhere.

Everywhere there are good wives and bad wives; but the girl of New York has at least the advantage of being better able to cope with conditions as they come than is her sister of the small town. She sees life in various phases and can't be blind to the things as they are. Therefore she usually takes up the duties of wife with seeing eyes—and sometimes very far-seeing.

The New York bachelor need have no qualms about the New York girl. She is not found wanting if she meets Mr. Right.

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## Novelettes of New York Streets

By Ethel Watts Mumford

### 6-A Waverley Place Bohemian

The Story of a Near-Tragedy in the Greenwich Village Art Colony.



ETHEL W. MUMFORD  
 Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

VALENTINE GREGG slowly climbed the iron-balustraded stoop of an old-fashioned house in Waverley place. Far down the street

sunset, like a red wound, pulsed the day's life away. Overhead a pall of cloud drooped dimly, and the arc lights of Washington square gleamed like ghostly eyes in the gathering dusk. These thoughts crossed Valentine's mind, for he was very young, very tired and wholly discouraged. He could only think in terms of death and disaster.

His work, his beautiful, fearless, direct, unspooled-by-conventions work, had been returned on mass by a blind, asinine, hide-bound jury. Their manifold merits disregarded, the canvases stood in the hall, stacked like biscuits in a box. Valentine knew they were there, knew of their return. Now he must wearily struggle up the four flights of stairs with his unprecipitated gems of art. Hot shame burned in his cheeks; he tried to think it was shame for the blindness and bigotry of that jury, not his own bitter mortification at rejection.

Surely he must be used to rejection; it had happened often enough. Only once had he known the joy of seeing his work well hung, but that joy had been tempered by the proximity of cubistic and futuristic effusions of the brush at which even his modern spirit had rebelled. As he mounted the

seemingly endless stairs his recent mood grew.

**In the Slough of Despond.**  
 Alas! it was only too sadly true that Genius was an outcast in this great city. What was the use of trying—but what was the use of living without trying? A faring gas jet on each landing whistled ironically at him. His own hallway was dark. He fumbled along the passage and shouldered open the door of the studio. The big window forming the whole front of the room let in the wan light, making the cozy apartment seem vast and empty. Valentine drew out a box of matches, lit one, let it flare and go out. No, he did not want to see; rather would he sit in darkness, fit companion for inspiration ignored, genius scorned.

Again he made the trip to the lower hall and carried the last of the canvases back to the studio. He softly tiptoed by each landing, for the house was let out in separate floors as many strata of the artistic fraternity, each responsible for his or her floor alone. Light, heat, noise, and even the smell of the street, all these things, Valentine feared to see a door open, and to be hailed by one of the lodgers and asked what he was doing. How could he tell them the truth? Then, with another hot blush, he assured himself that they doubtless believed in that great future Valentine had himself so often and so loudly prophesied. He must be told of the failure of all the efforts, the fruitless search for a worthy family, and the failure of his own efforts. He must be told of the failure of his own efforts. He must be told of the failure of his own efforts.

At last, at last, he reached the door of his own studio. He unlocked it, and he felt sorry, good old Valentine, and probably his faith in his friend's talent had already ebbed to such an extent that this glow would kill it outright.

He threw himself into the depths of an easy chair and tried to steady himself, tried to fill his soul with salutary scorn—and could not. A painful thought intruded. He must write Vincent, good old Vincent, who had so kindly lent him the studio during his absence—Vincent, whose careless generosity had made his work possible, he who had believed in that great future Valentine had himself so often and so loudly prophesied. He must be told of the failure of all the efforts, the fruitless search for